JOHNNY.

Once 't there was a little feller
Most as han'some as could be,
Tangled curls all gold and yeller-
Purty as you ever see:.
Shiny teeth an' cheeks like roses,
Lips that had a smilin' pout,
One o' them there dainty noses
Like the poets raves about;
Big blue eyes, so soft an' tender,
'Most 'nd make a mortal guess
He was of the female gender—
'Speshly as he wore a dress.

Kinfolk thot' him jest too charmin',
Talked about his form and grace—
Didn't seem to see no harm in
Praisin' of 'im to his face;
'Til he got so fond o' struttin'
(Allus lookin' at his feet)
Sometimes he'd come a buttin'
'Gainst a tree-box on the street:
Got to be so peart an' foolish,
Wouldn't mind folks great 'r small;
Sort o' stubborn-like an' mulish—
Seemed to think he knowed it all!

One day w'en his ma was sittin'
Of Doc Granger chanced to pass;
Hitched his gray mule to a palin',
Wiped his feet upon the grass,
Grabb'd his saddle-bags an' leanin'
With his arm upon the rail,
Said, with slow an' solemn meanin';
"Johnny, don't you pull his tail!"
Sincerely had the doc departed,
With his traps an' health' arts,
'Fore that youngster up an' started
For the gray mule's hinder parts.

Well, the ol' mule, kind o' peepin'
From his sleepy, half-shut eyes,
Suddenly saw somethin' creepin'
Up between his bony thighs.
Whack! an' Johnny laid a cryin'
With a gashed an' battered face;
Out the folks come jest a flyin'—
Ol' Doc Granger led the race.
Will I"—whimpered little Johnny—
"Be as purty as before?"
"No, I hardly think so, sonny—
But you'll know a dern sight more!"
—S. Q. Laplus, in Ohio Farmer.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

"I hope you may, Mr. Hanley. There is so much satisfaction to be got out of throwing one's self to the dogs, I should think. It no doubt makes one think so much better of one's self, and then it is so gratifying to one's friends. You have adopted a wise notion, certainly, and one that is a great credit to you."

"Agnes, for Heaven's sake don't be sarcastic. I am not in a humor to bear ridicule, and especially from you. If you can't comfort me, or at the least show some sort of sympathy for me, don't talk at all."

"Mr. Hanley," I replied, in all seriousness, "I do sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart, and if it was in my power to comfort you I would surely do it. But there is only one thing I can say to you, and you would perhaps never thank me for saying that."

"Say it," he answered. "I don't suppose it will comfort me much, and it may pain me, but I don't care. I want to know what you think of me, so speak out and spare not. Say I'm a fool, a beast, a scoundrel, anything you like."

"I cannot say that you are a scoundrel, Will, because you are not. I cannot say that you are a beast, but I must say that you are taking a course that leads in that direction; and as to being a fool, I am compelled to admit that you are acting very much like one."

"That's right," he interrupted. "You are certainly honest and plain spoken, and I admire such traits. Speak on."

"I have nothing more to say, except this: I am ashamed of your talk and behavior. It's unmanly, weak and wicked. You may have made one mistake and marred your life by it, but don't be so foolish as to spoil your whole existence on that account. No one compelled you to marry my sister, and if you made a mistake it is all your own fault and you have nobody but yourself to blame."

"That's true, Agnes," he replied. "I don't blame anyone but myself, and it's on myself I propose to take revenge."

"Well, that's foolishness again, and I won't talk with you about it. What I want to show you is the duty you owe your wife. You married her promising to love and cherish her—to devote your life and its efforts to the advancement of her happiness, and she has a perfect right to expect that much of you. If you entered into a disagreeable compact, you are none the less duty bound to comply with your part of it. For her sake, if not for your own, you must be a man, living a straight, honest, sober life, performing well your part of your marriage agreement. Manhood and honor require that much of you."

"Agnes, it is easy for you to say that, but you don't know what it requires."

"Yes, I do. I know it requires self-sacrifice, but that makes heroes. It requires a world of unrequited labor, but the final reward for its faithful performance will be all the greater from its being done through duty and not through the promptings of love and pleasure."

I paused a long time. There was something else I felt I ought to say, but a sense of delicacy made me hesitate. My companion understood my thoughts, I think, for he urged me to speak on; and finally I did so.

"Will," I said, "you must never come here again while I am here. It is better that our lives lie as far separated as we can make them, and if we never meet again it will be the better for us both. Perhaps in that way you will forget the sentiment you entertain now, and in time learn to love your wife as you should love her. That is your only hope of happiness."

"Then I shall never be happy," he said, sadly.

"You think so now, Will," I answered, "but time brings changes."

"Yes, I admit that, Agnes, but it will never change my love for you. Never."

"Well, we shall see. You do well your part and I am not afraid of the result. Remember always that your love for me is hopeless, and that nothing can ever come of it."

"Because I will not [illegible] and made it so. That is what hurts me, Agnes. If I had not married it would be so different with us now."

"No, it would not be different. I would not marry you if you were free, because, Will, I do not love you."

"Do not?" he repeated. "Agnes, you are only saying that for effect."

"I am saying it because it is true. I do not love you."

I spoke in such a way as to leave no room for doubting my words, and he believed me. He was pained deeply, as I knew he would be, but I thought it better for him to know the truth. It would help him to forget. There was a long pause, after which he said:

"Agnes, I know now how it is. You love Cornell. Isn't it so?"

"I think a great deal of him," I admitted.

"You love him. Don't evade my question, but answer it fairly."

"I think I do," I replied. "I am sure I care more for him than for anyone else."

"Agnes," he said, after a long silence, "this is bitter. It is the hardest blow of all."

He arose and started away, but after going a short distance he came back.

"Agnes, does Charles Cornell love you?" he asked.

"I do not know," I answered.

"Did he never say anything to lead you to believe he did?"

"Yes; once he asked me to become his wife."

"And you refused?"

"Yes."

"If he should ask you again would you refuse?"

I made no reply, but hung my head.

"I see how it is," he continued. "You have changed your mind. Well, Cornell is a good man, and you and he are worthy of each other. If I cannot be happy myself I would like to see you happy."

He turned on his heel and left me and I returned to the house. A day or so later he and Mary departed, and for a long time I saw neither of them, though I thought of them frequently and often wished that they might both be happy in their married existence.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MY HUSBAND.

About a week after Hanley's departure, I entered the parlor one morning to find a visitor awaiting me. The visitor was a gentleman, and his presence so affected me that for an instant I was quite overcome with the surprise and joy I felt in again beholding him. The reader may readily guess that my visitor was Charles Cornell.

It is useless to detail what passed between him and me on the occasion of that visit, and the score of others that followed it. It is enough to say that his visits were at short intervals, and that he and I had plenty on each occasion to engross our attention, and that however long his visit it was far too short for our satisfaction.

For three months I lived in an ecstacy of bliss, which only true lovers know about. I was either enjoying the pleasure of his presence, or the joy of

"MAY HEAVEN BLETH YOU!"

anticipation as I looked forward from one visit to the next. How short, how bright and how ethereal those three months were! It seemed that the days were scarcely more than hours, and the weeks came and went like dreams.

There was no longer any doubt in my mind as to whom I loved. That matter was clearly settled when Charles Cornell made his first visit, though the more I saw of him the more deep and broad my love became. The love I had for him was of that steady, secure growth which expands day by day, rearing itself on a foundation of true esteem and honor. It had nothing of the romantic passion which characterizes one's first love, and which burns intensely for a time then dies out.

When three months had passed I became Charles Cornell's wife. Ours was a quiet wedding with few friends and a simple ceremony, yet it was as happy a day to me as ever mortal experienced since the creation of earth. Mrs. Lawton did everything she could to make the occasion pleasant. She regretted parting from me, and since the day when she learned I was to be married she had sorrowed truly. After the ceremony, and when we were preparing to depart for our wedding journey, she said:

"Agnes, to lose you is like losing a daughter, for I have learned to love you almost as a mother loves her own child. Your stay with me has made a wonderful change in my life, and I have been so much happier since you came. You do not know what you have been to me, and how you have broken up and dispelled the cloud of grief which had so long hung over me. I am sorry, Agnes, to see you go, yet I am glad you are married to a man so good and noble as Mr. Cornell. God bless you, my child, and may you always be as happy as you are to-day."

It was quite awhile before I could utter a word in reply, my feelings were so wrought up by Mrs. Lawton's affecting speech, and the remembrance of her many kindnesses to a strange, friendless, homeless girl, all of which rushed into my mind like a great flood.

"Mrs. Lawton," I said at last, "no matter where I go or what befalls me, you will always retain a place in my gratitude and love. You gave me a home and love when I was alone, and I shall never forget you."

That was a very small part of what I felt and wished to say, but my heart was so full that I could not say more. She understood what I felt, however, and I was satisfied.

Then there was Mrs. Cornell, her kind old face fairly resplendent with joy, beaming smiles on everyone about her. How she hugged and kissed me and spoke of me as her daughter! How her eyes sparkled with pride and happiness when she saw Charles and me standing together, and came and put her hands on our arms and said:

"God bless you, my dear children."

Ah, was there ever such a day as that? Was there ever such happiness? Surely not.

There was Mr. Cornell, too, his generous heart fairly bursting with joy. I shall never forget how he came forward after the ceremony, and, taking us both by the hand, shook us with such hearty good will that I really feared for the safety of my arm. Nor shall I forget the earnestness with which he addressed us, each in turn, speaking from his very soul:

"Charleth," he said, "may Heaven bleth you, my thon. You have done well, and have made uth very happy. God bleth you, God bleth you. Agneth, my daughter, bleth you. May Charleth be to you what you detherve, a true, faithful and loving huthband, which I believe he will. God bleth you both, my children."

It was all so full of sympathy, gentleness and love that I felt sure another such occasion was never known on earth. So much kindly interest greatly affected me, and I felt so little deserving of it that it seemed I had no right to accept it.

But why dwell on the happiness of that day? It was but the beginning of a long happy life which has extended through many years. I believe there was never a wife who knew more of the enjoyment of perfect domestic bliss than I, and I am sure no woman ever had a truer, kinder and more loving husband. Throughout all the years of our married life, Charles Cornell has been the same true, faithful lover that he was the day we were united.

When our wedding journey was over and we had settled down in our own home on a farm adjoining Mr. Cornell's, we received a letter from Will Hanley and also one from Mary. The former wrote but little, and though he congratulated us and wished us the fullest measure of happiness, it was apparent that the old sorrow still rankled in his breast and that his soul was not in his words. I pitied him sincerely, and when Charles told me that it was a letter from Will Hanley that informed him of my love and brought him back to me as a lover, I freely forgave him everything. Mary's letter was short and acrimonious. She was sorry, she said, that anyone so closely related to her should find it necessary to marry a common countryman, but she supposed she ought to be glad that I had done even that well, considering everything. She hoped I might find a little pleasure in my quiet, obscure life, and managed in an adroit way to draw a very striking contrast between her position in the world and that of myself. The tone of her letter was extremely condescending and patronizing, and while it exasperated me slightly Charles only laughed at it and treated it lightly.

After we had been married a short time I made the discovery that my husband's merits were recognized by other people besides a few intimate friends. This fact was brought home to me quite forcibly when one day a delegation of gentlemen came to our house for the purpose of inducing him to become a candidate for the state senate. The gentlemen were representatives of the settlers who wished a man elected who would labor for their interests.

I was present when the conference between the delegation and my husband took place, it being Charles' pleasure that I remain, though some of the gentlemen, I believe, did not exactly approve of it.

"Whatever interests me interests my wife," Charles said, "and as I do nothing without her advice, it is better that she remain and hear what you have to say. You will now proceed, if you please."

The leader immediately stated the object of the visit, showing in strong language the great need of good men in the senate, and ending with the confident prediction that Mr. Cornell could be handsomely elected. Charles listened attentively to every word, but when the statement was finished he shook his head, saying:

"I thank you, gentlemen, and also those who sent you, for this exhibition of your confidence in me; but I must decline the honor you offer me. I cannot become a candidate."

They urged the point, even importuning him, but he still declined. Finally one of them turned to me and said:

"Mrs. Cornell, what is your opinion? Don't you think Mr. Cornell ought to grant the wish of the people?"

"I would be very glad if he did," I replied.

"Would you really, Agnes?" Charles asked.

"I would, provided you have no serious objections," I answered.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we will talk the matter over and decide within a day or two."

"Very well," they replied. "We will give you time to consider the proposition and come again within a week for an answer."

The result of our talk was that Charles consented to run, though he did it at my urgent request. I wanted him to accept because I was proud of him and found the greatest pleasure in his advancement. His rightful position, I thought, was above that of common men, and I wanted to see him occupy it.

When the election was held Charles was chosen over his competitor by a large majority, although the county had usually elected men of the opposite political faith. This fact, taken in connection with his able and honest record in the legislative assembly, gave him great prominence in his district, and two years later he was unanimously chosen by his party as their candidate for congress. Mr. Bernard was put up by the opposition, while a faction of labor agitators met and placed Si Anderson in the field.

The contest was spirited and bitter, and Bernard moved heaven and earth in his efforts to capture votes. He had a greater incentive than the rest in congress to influence him, and that was his hatred of Cornell and his desire to punish and humiliate me. Charles entered the race with reluctance, fearing that the opposition would revive the old slanders against me and publish them to the world, thus marring my happiness, but I urged him on, saying that as long as I was conscious of my own purity, and had his confidence, I was not afraid of what the world might say or think.

For two long months the contest raged, Bernard and Anderson entering into an agreement whereby all their efforts were waged against Mr. Cornell. Everything that money, falsehood and political trickery could do to bring success was resorted to by the opposition. Bernard made a personal canvass of the district, scattering money freely everywhere. Every newspaper that could be subserved to his purpose was bought over. Speakers of note were brought in from other states, and every means that could possibly be utilized to the furtherance of his cause was brought into requisition.

At last the day for the election came. Charles went to the polls and voted, then returned home and proceeded about his business, seemingly not at all disturbed by any thoughts of the election and the results. With me it was different. I was so anxious, and so fearful of defeat for my husband, that I could do nothing but pace the house and the yard. As night approached the tension on my nerves grew so intense that I could scarcely breathe. If Bernard succeeded I felt that I should never recover the blow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT TEA DRINKING.

One of Men's Delights Is Seeing It Poured Out by Pretty Women.

The tea question seems to have a great many phases, says the Philadelphia Record. Articles are written for and against its baneful qualities, and women who preside at five o'clocks are as tenacious of the superiority of the particular sort they offer as they are of the virtues of their family physicians. Oolong, Formosa, Orange Pekoe, and the rest of them all have their zealous advocates. One of the best teas is undoubtedly a choice and mild English breakfast. This tea has many grades, the best being as delicate and delicious as the poorest is rank and undesirable. When it comes to the matter of brewing, theories again clash. How much to each cup and to the pot, how long to stand, to stir or not to stir—these are some of the rocks upon which the ignorant go to pieces. C. P. Huntington, who is considered a connoisseur in tea, and who frequently offers a cup to a business friend in his office, believes in the stirring clause. He ladles out the precious leaves, a teaspoonful to the cup and one to the pot, pours on a very little water, stirs it well, pours on a little more water, lets it stand for a little less than a minute, then pours off this first decoction, which he asserts is not acceptable to the educated tea palate. After this he fills the measure with water, of course freshly boiled, and in three minutes offers a cup of amber liquid, fragrant, smooth and delicious, to his favored guests. Real tea lovers take it unsugared and uncreamed; few, indeed, nowadays are such vandals as to take the latter "trimming," though many still incline to the sweetening part. As a somewhat romantic young man puts it: "Part of the poetry of tea drinking is the fascinating moment when the pretty woman, clad in her dainty tea gown, passes cup in one hand and tongs daintily poised over it with the other, and, looking up into your face with a most engaging expression, murmurs softly: 'One or two lumps?'"

WHY PRAIRIES ARE BARE.

Mr. Christy Says Because the Trees Have Been Burned so Often.

Much attention has been attracted by a theory recently advocated with great ingenuity by Miller Christy in England that our western prairies owe their treeless condition to fire. This is by no means a new theory, but Mr. Christy has developed the arguments in its favor more fully than had been done before.

Readers of Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales" will remember the vivid description of a prairie fire in the account of the last days of old Natty Bumppo, and nobody who has any knowledge of the power and sweep of such conflagrations will question their capacity for destruction.

According to Mr. Christy's view, as reported in the Youth's Companion, the prairie fires, at the same time that they have exterminated the forest trees, have also enriched the soil by the successive deposit of many layers of ashes, which possess great value as a manure, so that the sweeping off of the trees has not been an unmixed evil.

Where great forests may once have hidden the face of the earth, according to this view, we how have the broad and wonderfully fertile grain fields of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and other states, and the agent that has wrought the transformation is that destructive and fearful element, fire.

In support of his views, Mr. Christy points to the fact that trees are found even on the prairies in spots where they are to some extent protected from fire, and that young trees readily spring up in many places, only to be swept away again when the flames race across the grass levels that surround them.

A Bit of Repartee.

The manager of the dime museum was feeling pretty rocky when he met the snake charmer at dinner.

"How are your snakes to-day?" he inquired by way of salutation.

"All in their cages," he responded pleasantly. "How are yours?" and the manager went out to the flowing hydrant in the back yard and stuck his head under it.—Detroit Free Press.

If an artery is cut compress above the wound; if a vein is cut compress below.

LIVING UP TO THEIR RECORD.

Chicago Firemen Whose Pride Was in Getting Away from Their House Quickly.

"I wouldn't be the man to run down the Chicago fire department," said a jolly-looking individual with a red face in a down-town resort the other evening, "but there's one company—a steamer company it is—one the west side that's the laughing stock of the neighborhood in which its engine house is situated. This company, which rather prides itself on the few seconds it takes to get all its men out of their bunks, into their clothes, hitch up the horses, and get out on the streets, is located away out on Washington boulevard, near Fortieth street.

"I live out that way, and its a pretty tidy bit of town, let me tell you. Well, one evening last week I and Smith, who lives a few doors above me, were walking toward home after leaving the car when we were almost blinded by a gust of smoke.

"'It's a fire,' says Smith. 'That's what,' says I, as I caught a whiff of burning wood, and we both started on a run, for the smoke was coming from the direction of our homes. As soon as we got around the corner, though, we saw that the fire was further up the street, as the smoke came from beyond the engine house on the next corner. The firemen meantime were all sitting out in front, smoking and talking and playing dominoes, after the fashion of firemen when not busy.

"'Those fellows don't know there's any fire,' said Smith. 'Come on; we'll tell 'em.'

"Away we went, and dashed up to the engine house in a rush. All the firemen jumped to their feet.

"'Fire! fire!' yelled Smith, who had got a bit excited.

"'The dickens you say!' said one fireman, as the rest dashed into the house and turned the horses loose. 'Back up there somewhere,' says Smith, and the horses came charging out, the men jumped on to the engine and truck, and away they went in the direction Smith had pointed, at a gallop.

"Smith and I stepped out and around the corner to see them going up the boulevard in a cloud of dust, and I was just trying to see where the smoke was coming from when Smith grabbed my arm.

"'Look there,' says he in a husky whisper, and I looked. Bless me if the smoke and flames weren't rolling right out of the back end of the engine house. The hay in the mow had taken fire somehow and the place had been burning all the time the firemen were sitting in front. They had gone off nearly half a mile with the engine, too, before they found out there wasn't any fire out that way, and had walked the horses half way back before they saw the smoke rolling up from the fire engine house. Then they came back on a run and succeeded in putting the blaze out after several tons of hay and the whole back end of the building was burned out. Of course, it wasn't Smith's fault or mine that they went off at half-cock and rushed off without knowing where the fire was, but people guyed them a good bit about it, and Smith and I don't go on that side of the street on the way home now."—Chicago Times.

DOGS AS DETECTIVES.

One of England's Recent Horrors Discovered by a Foxhound.

Dogs have more than once played detective parts in the dramas of the past. It was a dog which revealed the hiding place of the remains of a poor little girl murdered by an inhuman monster named Fish, at Blackburn, England, many years ago. Now it is learned that the Althorp horror, which thrilled England, was discovered by a dog. The body of the murdered woman was undoubtedly found by a laborer, but the dog's sagacity led to the discovery. The animal in question belongs to the whip of the Pytchley hunt, and the smell of decomposed flesh always throws the dog into a strange fever of excitement. A couple of days before the discovery the whip was riding at Althorp, and as usual was accompanied by this animal. He was passing the ditch when he noticed the dog suddenly stop, jump about in a most unusual manner and whine piteously. The rider did not at that time take any notice of this occurrence, and sharply calling his dog, proceeded on his journey and thought no more about the incident. Two days later he again rode by the ditch, and the dog once more showed similar signs of distress. The animal jumped and capered about and vigorously sniffed the ground, but as before the whip did not at the time attach the least importance to this curious conduct. When he got to his home, a short distance away, he thought there might possibly be something wrong, and simply on the off chance he informed a laborer, who went to ditch and, as stated, made the ghastly discovery.—N. Y. World.

Novel Eviction Case.

A visitor to Brazil records a fact which seems to show that in South America, as elsewhere, one use of the law is to increase the sum of human ingenuity. The climate is very wet and a sloping tile roof is in universal use. It is easily put on, easily repaired, affords excellent shelter from the tropical rain, and, what is deemed a capital advantage, is readily taken off. A law of the country forbids the eviction of tenants for the non-payment of rent. When a landlord's patience is exhausted, therefore, instead of warning the delinquent out of the house he takes the roof off for repairs and the first heavy shower does the rest.—Youth's Companion.

—The number of female students inscribed at the Paris faculties has increased by a hundred in a couple of years. At the faculty of medicine there are now eighteen students of French nationality, six English, three Roumanian, two Turkish, one Greek, one American and one hundred and three Russian. At the faculty of sciences the French female students number five as against fourteen foreigners.

WELL UP IN YEARS.

MRS. NANCY A. OWEN, of Ithaca, N. Y., has just celebrated the 101st anniversary of her birth.

A LONG married couple dwell contentedly in Biddeford, Me. They are Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Landry and they were married seventy years ago. His age is ninety-six, and hers ten years younger.

ALVINZA HAYWARD, one of the earliest of the gold millionaires of California, is very old and feeble now. He is worth probably $30,000,000 or more, but has dropped completely out of sight behind the new bonanzaists.

MR. AND MRS. IRA WARD, of New Haven, Vt., who recently celebrated their diamond wedding, have had ten children, seventeen grandchildren, and nearly twenty-four great-grandchildren, nearly all of whom are living.

THE Society of the War of 1812, which was chartered in Philadelphia recently, numbers fifty-five members, of which David McCoy, of San Bernardino, Cal., 102 years of age, is probably the oldest. Another very old member is Abraham Daily, of Brooklyn, who sees without glasses at 97.

AN interesting old man who is living near Woodville, in Rappahannock county, W. Va., is J. W. Yancey, now in his 90th year. Mr. Yancey taught reading, writing and arithmetic to Alexander H. Stevens, and he was one of the young men who composed Lafayette's escort in 1824.